

THE FIELD AFAR

Maryknoll

AUGUST 1956



Photo Feature:

WHAT TO DO WITH BABY (p. 6)

Handwritten signature or mark.



CONTRAST. This Zulu, at work in a South African chemical plant, brings his ancient dress and customs to his Twentieth Century job.

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The Reformation of Palo Maria

**This giant reached its prime
only after it met its end.**

BY GORDEN N. FRITZ, M.M.

■ TWO or three centuries ago, deep in the Bolivian jungle, a seed pod dropped from a gigantic tree and hit the soft, moist earth below. The parent tree had been young and vigorous when Columbus crossed the ocean, but by the time the seed pod had become a seedling, the par-

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ent tree was gray with age. One year the strong September winds toppled the huge parent to the ground, with a crash that reverberated through the jungle, drowning out the shrill cries of birds and monkeys and the deep-throated growls of jaguars. Thus the little seedling was given room to grow, and God caused it to flourish straight and strong, until it became a perfect specimen of its kind. At first its growth was rapid in the rich, damp soil. But in later years, it expanded very slowly, adding layers year by year around its core of iron, for it was a hardwood tree — one of the tropic jungle's finest.

Spanish explorers discovered it near Santa Cruz and because of its strength and great beauty they named it for their beloved Virgin, Palo Maria (Mary Wood). Through the years of Spanish conquest and colonization, this predestined tree continued to grow, deep in the untouched wilderness, beyond the upper reaches of the Amazon, far away from any conflict or disturbance. There it prospered on the quiet bank of a river called by the Indians *Manutata* (Mother of Waters).

As more centuries passed, civilization approached even there, and the river that nourished the tree was re-named "Mother of God."

Still the great tree grew, until

a year ago, a searching party of loggers saw it and brought it to earth. They lashed cedar and balsa logs to its trunk to keep it from sinking, and so floated it down

the river to Bolivia's biggest and newest sawmill at Riberalta. There a few months ago it was my privilege to see the

trunk whole for the last time — a solid, majestic trunk, colored deep red like mahogany, but heavier and finer.

"That," I said, "is the log for me! Just the material for the main altar in the new parish church of San Jose."

So I made a contract and had it sawn into big slabs, four inches thick and ten feet long, for the table of the altar, with equal supports below. And then the huge trunk yielded more boards for the backdrop, the baldachino, the platform. Communion rail, confessionals, and various fittings of the sanctuary, all came from that one magnificent tree.

It seems fitting that Palo Maria is now reformed to serve the glory of God in this little jungle town. The huge tree has come into its own. May the Blessed Virgin watch over us as we kneel near her special wood. May God long protect the tree in its new home! — as He did during the centuries of its isolation in the jungle.



OUR ADDRESS?

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Father MICHAEL J. O'CONNOR sent word that a mission collection for the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in the Taichung parish on Formosa averaged the equivalent of 40¢ US from each parishoner. He wonders how many American parishes could boast the same average . . . The Number One dish of Korea is kimchi, a brined combination of cabbage, turnips, pepper, salt, onions and garlic. The longer it stands the better the Koreans like it.

* * *

Fathers BERNARD F. RYAN and JACOB J. ESSELBORN are broadcasting catechism and literacy instructions from their new radio station high in the Andes. Both priests studied the successful methods of Father JOAQUIN SALCEDO who pioneered this teaching method in Colombia.

* * *

While Father JAMES SMITH said Mass in Maryknoll's Siniloan parish in the Philippines, the band played. Father JOHN LENNON jotted down the selections and the one most repeated was Roll Out the Barrel . . . During a decade and a half, the city of Lima, Peru, doubled its population to over a million. Father WILLIAM R. MCCARTHY reports that the same thing will happen in the next fifteen. Meanwhile, the archdiocese only ordains one or two priests a year.

* * *

Maryknoll's Fourth General Chapter is to be held this August. Missioners from all parts of the world will gather for deliberation. During the Chapter a Superior General and major officers will be elected. We request the prayers of all our friends for the success of this meeting.

* * *

In one of the jungle villages of Bolivia, a new lighting plant was installed. The Padre was given permission to tap the lines for his house. He made the connections himself. That night when he retired and turned off his lights, all the lights in town went off. An hour later a weary official arrived at the rectory to check wiring. Answering the knock, the Padre flicked his switch and all the lights came on. The official left, thinking trouble repaired, and the Padre went back to bed. Yes, he turned his lights off again!



Summer Festival

BY JAMES E. HABENICHT, M.M.

An Iowa missionary knows just the thing to win Japanese farmers.

■ FATHER Steinbach blazed a trail for Christ when he opened a small country parish in Aodani. In the course of years of experience in Japan, he had often felt that the Church should study the customs of the people and try to baptize as many customs as possible.

With this in view, he made a proposal to the townspeople of Aodani, offering to sponsor the *Bon Odori* Festival and to conduct it free each year. This plan met with the approval and warm praise of all concerned. And so began the Catholic *Bon Odori* here in Aodani.

During the period between late summer and early autumn, all Japan enters a season of festivals. In each farming village, as soon as the autumn harvest has been gathered, the entire village assembles in the groves of the tutelary shrine and dances the *Bon Odori* to the tune of drums and flutes. The *Bon Odori* is their way of celebrating because hard work in the fields has come to an end. This festival lasts for three

days. As in America's country square dances, all the people, young and old join in.

Celebrating a harvest festival in the middle of August may seem like rushing things a bit. But that's tradition here in Japan. Perhaps it's because August 15 is the Buddhists' day for honoring the dead: a day like our Memorial Day when the Japanese tidy cemeteries and decorate graves with flowers.

How could Father Steinbach give a Christian flavor to the *Bon Odori*? He attacked this problem from an historical angle. The Catholic Church in Japan is rich in tradition. One of its greatest converts was Justus Ukon, a general in Hideyoshi's army in the 17th century. Because of his devotion to Catholic principles of justice, Justus was considered a poor security risk to play a decisive role in the commonwealth of Japan. He refused to compromise his Faith and was therefore exiled to the Philippine Islands, where he died. There is a striking

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resemblance between Justus and Saint Thomas More. A well-known teacher of the *Odori* School in Kyoto put these facts to music.

The resulting dance proved to be a big success. In the beginning, Father Steinbach used the church grounds for the dance. But as the crowds grew, he asked for and was granted permission to use the large playground of the village school, which adjoins our property.

When Father Steinbach was transferred to Matuzaka, I came as his replacement. Naturally, I continued his yearly custom. Other neighborhoods in Aodani have their *odoris* or street dances but the one put on by the Church serves as the attraction in our section.

Our *odori* is staged on a large platform. Young men with good voices lead the group in song. Lighted lanterns hanging overhead give a gay atmosphere to the affair. It is widely publicized and attracts many more people than live in this particular section. Many have said

that our *odori* is more refined than the ordinary one; and for this reason, the mothers and fathers feel safe to come and bring their children. As can be imagined, at some *odoris* in a non-Christian country there is excessive drinking of sake; that leads to rowdiness and fights. Volunteers from the parish make all the arrangements for our *odori*. They ask local mothers to chaperone young ladies.

I open the *odori* with a short welcome, explaining how we use it as a hymn of praise to God and His Mother. Then I lead in reciting a decade of the rosary. One of the other parishes hit upon the idea of adding an information booth, where some 74 signed up to study the doctrine. I plan to incorporate this feature in our *odori* program.

A tape recording has been made of the words and music of our *odori*. Three other pastors recently asked to borrow it. They had copies made, to introduce the Christian *odori* to their neighborhoods. ■■

What to do with Baby



“Just Baby and me” might be the theme of this round-up of photographs from parts of our spinning globe.



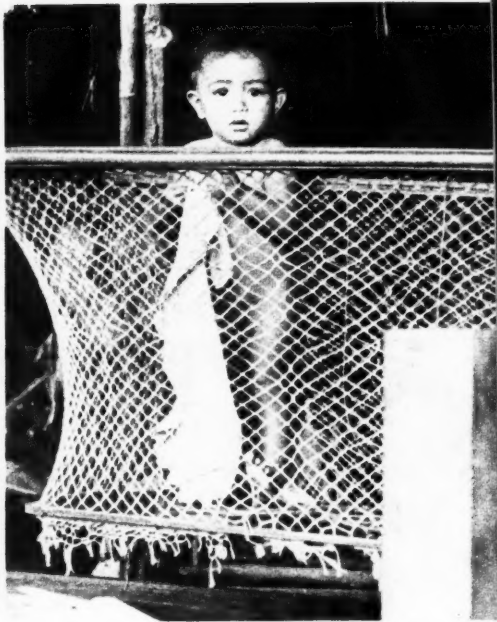
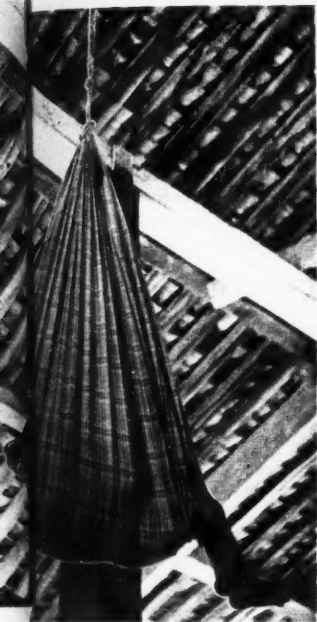
■ THE problem that at some time bothers every mother, is solved in Japan (above) by taking Baby right into the voting booth. In Hong Kong (right), a jobless father baby-sits while Mother works.





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"It's time for your nap."

■ WHEN Baby makes up his mind to go to sleep, a stampeding herd of buffalo will not keep him awake. While Mother watches a parade go by in Hawaii (left), Junior is off to the Land of Nod. In a Bolivian jungle hut (above, left) a mother solves the crib problem by hanging a tablecloth from the roof. The young Filipino (above, right) is supposed to be napping in this playpen, hanging outside the window, but he prefers to see what's going on. In Siam (right), Little Sister's shoulder provides a pillow. ■ ■





■ THE miseries of rainy-day confinement plague the American youngster (left). Junior takes his siesta (center) in Papa's Singapore rickshaw. In Hong Kong (bottom), Ah Chu helps Mama prepare supper. Baby (opposite) becomes as pensive as his brother and sister, who are visiting Grandma's resting place in this Mexican cemetery. ■ ■





CHICO

BY HUGO M. GERBERMANN, M.M.



Indian boys make molehills
out of Guatemalan mountains.

■ MAY I introduce Francisco Ortiz? Chico is one of the star pupils of our school in Ixtahuacan, Guatemala. He is twelve years old — little for his age. What he lacks in size, he more than makes up for in character. His smile has made him a favorite among the boys.

One of my greatest joys in this difficult mission is to see how Indian children take advantage of every opportunity our school offers them to make something of themselves. This more than compensates for the headaches encountered in building a school for the children, and a convent for the Sisters who teach in the school.

Chico is one of the 130 urchins we gathered together from the mountains and brought to Ixtahuacan to give them an education. Our long-range objective is to work toward building a national clergy, and at the same time train lay leaders who will some day be capable instruments for lifting the Indians out of the wretched misery in which they are now living.

Francisco's home is in the village of La Cumbre, more than three miles from here. The mountain trails are quite dangerous during the rainy season. Then arroyos are running full, and many of the children have to miss school. For this reason, I keep outstanding boys here on the compound during the rainy season, so they will not have to miss a

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single day. Their fathers are supposed to bring enough corn to make tortillas for the boys. But because of a total crop failure last year, parents themselves have long been without corn, and hence the burden of feeding the pupils rests entirely on me.

Francisco's father and mother are saintly people, whose chief aim in

life is to make good Catholics of their children. Papa and Mama live on a little farm that supplies hardly the bare necessities. Francisco is the fourth of five children. No one of the older children can read or write. That makes the parents all the more grateful to the Padre for the schooling that the two youngest are getting.

In church, Chico is like a little saint. He learned the Mass prayers in less than a week, and he is always eager to serve Mass — even to the tune of begging other boys to let him take their turns. He receives Holy Communion every morning. Francisco always gets first prize in school. His mother's eyes shine with pride as she contemplates what to her seem miraculous achievements of her little boy.

In order to help a bit with the family income, Francisco took advantage of our tailoring school. He learned how to make pants and shirts. Now after school hours he works away at one of the sewing machines, trying not to pay much attention to the fun the other boys

are having on the basketball court.

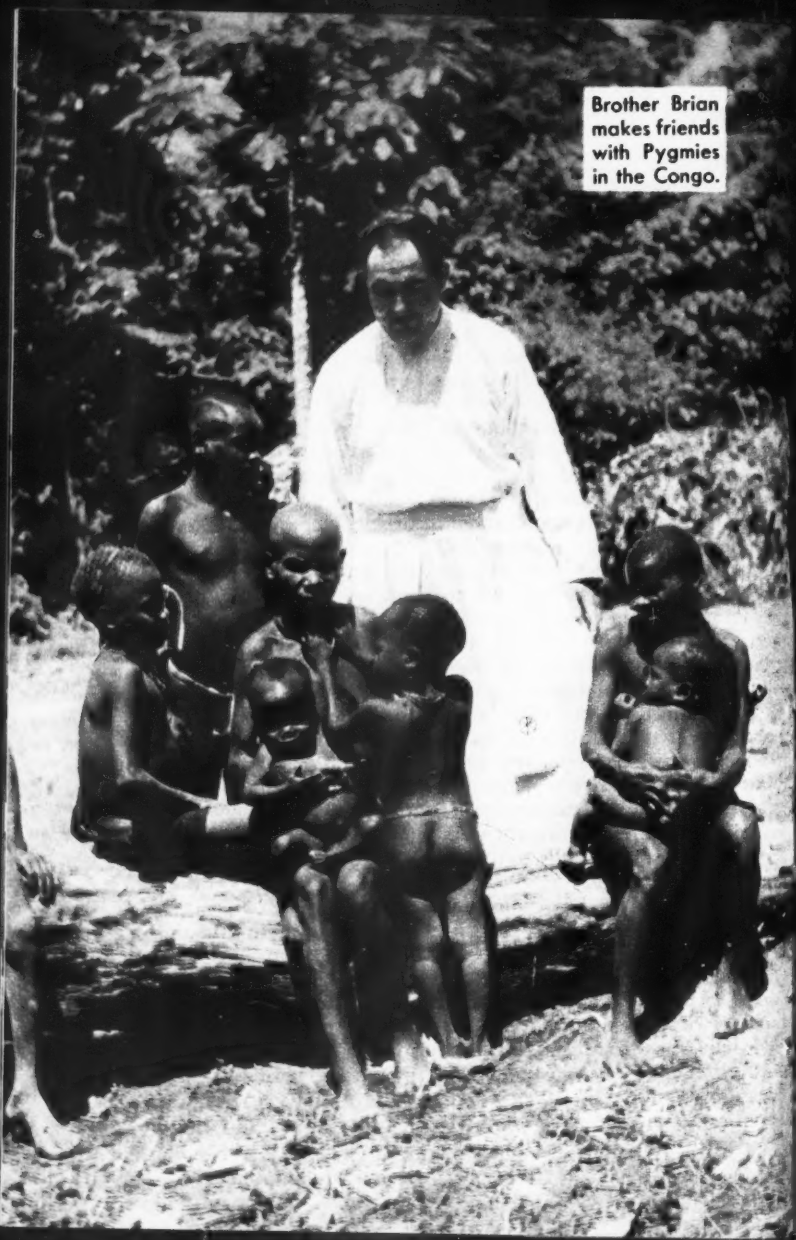
I have never ceased to marvel at how quickly Chico and other ragged, dirty, ignorant urchins from the mountains learn good manners. Boys with all the advantages of a good family background in the States would be hard put to match our boys. It doesn't take them

long to learn to be polite to others and to keep themselves clean. They even comb their hair, although running a comb through their wiry bristles doesn't do much good. It impresses me greatly to see how diligently they perform even insignificant tasks given to them, such as sweeping out the classroom, dusting the erasers, watering the flowers.

I admire their punctuality and constancy in attending classes. A few weeks ago, one of the boys was seriously sick and I went to his home to see him. The trip took me almost two hours by horse, and the horse was covered with sweaty foam from head to tail by the time I got up to the house. Yet the boy walks this same trail twice a day.

I find pure gold in the majority of these Indian children, once the outer layer of dross is polished away. With such results, one ceases to count the obstacles encountered in offering them schooling and opportunity. How God must love them! One sees His graces taking hold in them and producing the most wonderful fruits. ■ ■

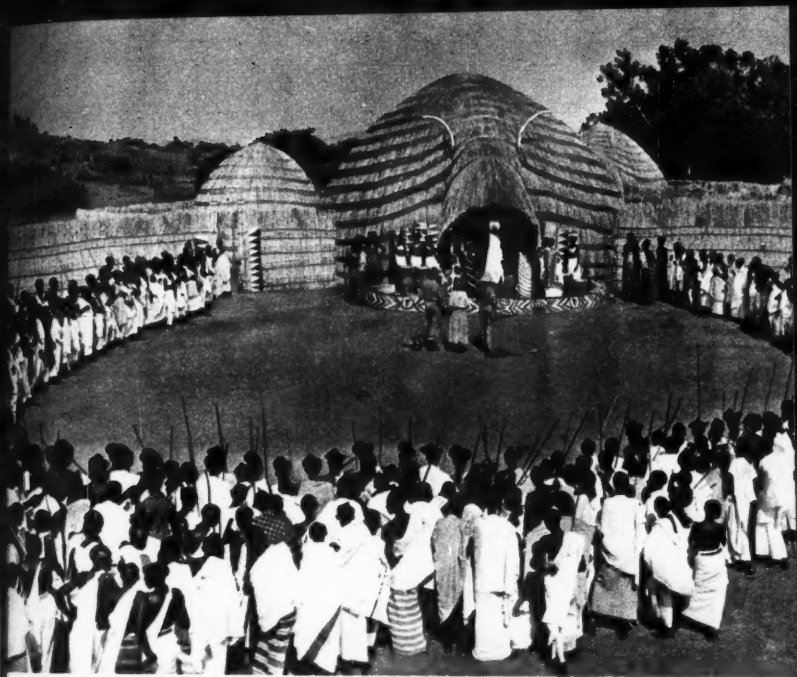
**A GIFT SUBSCRIPTION
to MARYKNOLL, THE FIELD
AFAR is really appreciated
because the recipient, as a
Maryknoll Member, also
shares in the Masses of all
Maryknoll priests.**



Brother Brian
makes friends
with Pygmies
in the Congo.

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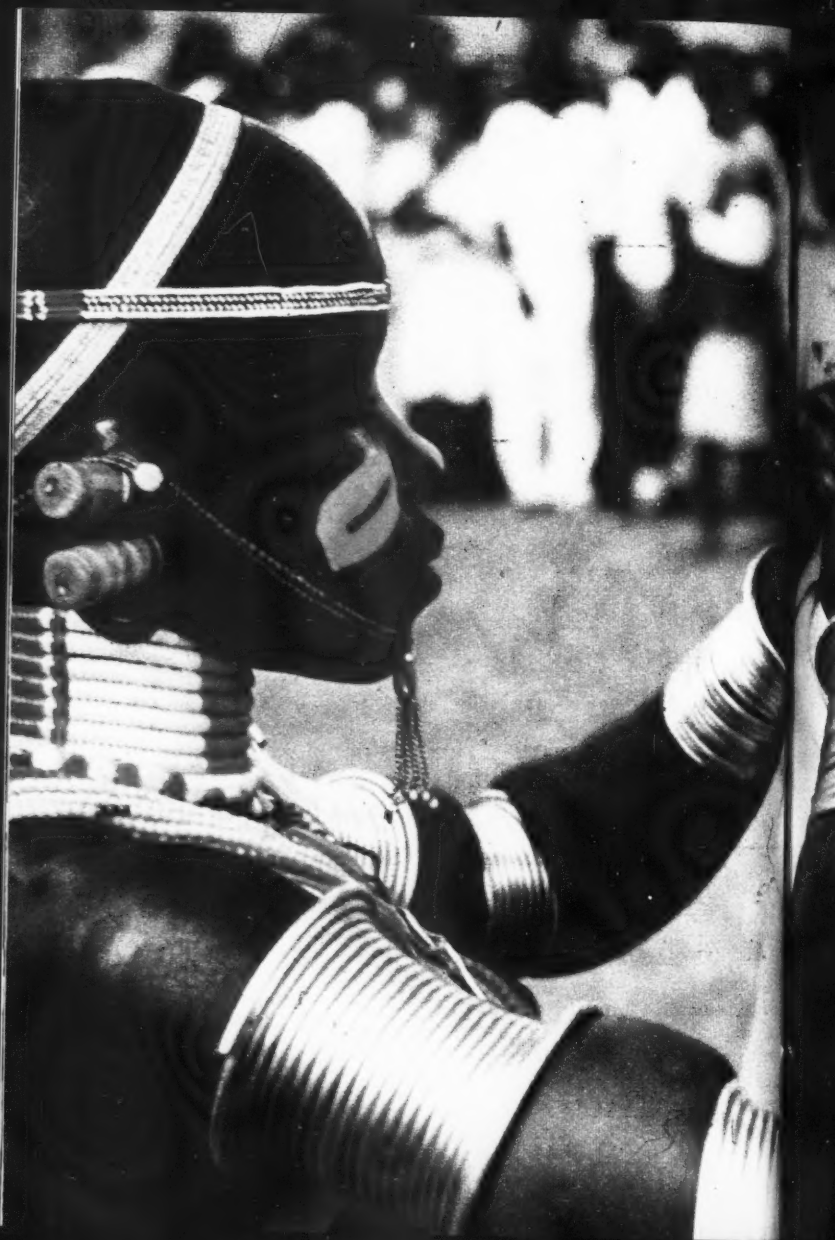


Ruanda-Urundi is one of the show places for tourists in Central Africa.

SIGHTS ON SAFARI

■ WHEN a missionary in Africa gets a brief vacation from his work, he often spends it traveling about and observing what is going on in other mission areas. On these and following pages are some pictures from our men, taken while on safari from their own stations. These pictures give an idea of the immensity, complexity and variety to be found in various parts of Central Africa. ■ ■







PEOPLE

■ THE most interesting sights the missionary finds are those of Africa's people. In every region he meets new tribes with different customs and dress. There is no monotony of sights, sounds and smells.

The African has a flair for color and the spectacular. The ornamentation of the Bakuria women (opposite) and the tablecloth adaptations of the women (below) provide apt subjects for the missionary's camera as he records his trip.

To the missionary, these people mean souls. Some of them are already Catholic, but many more must be won to Christ. ■ ■





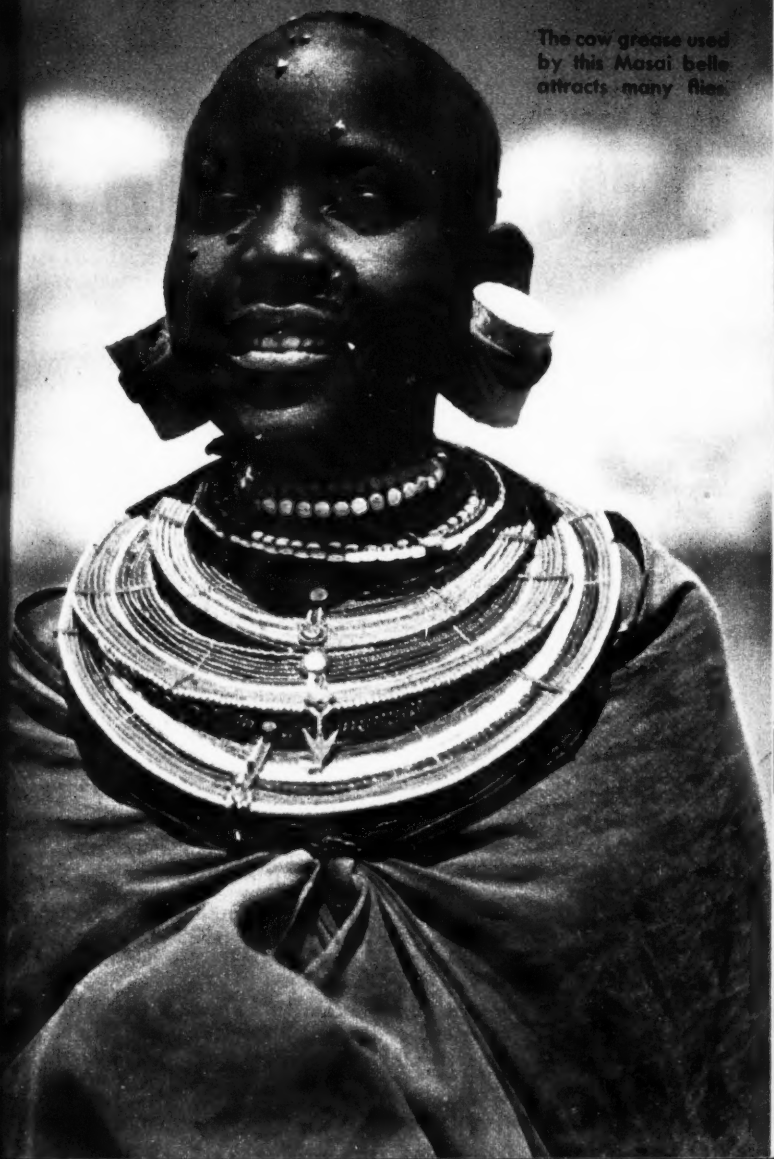
The missionary finds wildlife increasing, because of government protection. In Uganda (below) the Church is strong. Bishop Joseph Kiwanuka, addressing his faithful, was the first African bishop of modern times.



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The cow grease used
by this Masai belle
attracts many flies.



His only aim was to kill his uncle
and then to hide out in the bush.

A Moment of Truth

BY DENIS E. O'BRIEN, M.M.

■ HUGE pelting blobs of rain were driving the nails deeper into our aluminum roof. I was looking out of my window, dreaming.

In the torrential rain of East Africa, you can see nothing or you can see anything you want to see, as your laziness or imagination lays hold of you. So I paid no particular attention when I imagined that I saw a young tree pick up its roots and totter across the compound.

But when the sapling doubled up and fell, with branches outstretched, I knew I wasn't imagining. Instantly I was outside and running to the fallen figure. Not bothering to take a good look at the victim, I only made sure of no broken bone or open wound, and bustling it to my shoulder, I made for my room.

My bed is not much — a wooden frame with rope'springs and an old mattress — but it was not scorned by my friend, as I gingerly laid him down on it. The poor fellow was shivering and moaning, and calling out in delirium. I stripped off his rags and dried him off and wrapped him in warm, dry blankets. Only then did it dawn on me that I had

helped Wambura Chacha. Some three hours later, Wambura began to stir. I put on a cup of tea. My dear old mother used to say there's nothing like a cup of tea.

Wambura woke, then bolted up in wonder. "Who are you?"

"Why, I'm Padri Denis. You came to see me. Remember?"

"No, I don't remember. All I remember is running away. But I'm going back now, and when I get there I'm going to kill him and kill her! And then I'll run away to the bush and live with the animals."

I let him tell me all about it.

Wambura's father had been a good man. He was fairly honest, was not drunk often, paid his taxes, and kept his children in clothes. One day Wambura went to the field where his father was plowing. The oxen were not moving, so Wambura thought his father was resting. The father was resting, it was the big rest. He was dead. Wambura saw a little trickle of blood on the right heel and guessed that his father had been bitten by a mamba.

The mother was taken by her dead husband's brother, Mwita,

according to the custom of the people. Mwita was a cruel man, who knew how to command only with a club. Wambura ran away.

He fled to the village of his elder brother, and there he learned how to smile again. He worked hard; he plowed; he grazed the flock of sheep and goats. He was happy to do all this because he had a home. Then one day his brother told him to look after their sister, while the brother went away to work in Mwanza.

Weeks later, Wambura ran in from the field when he saw Mobere return. Mobere was fat and so well dressed that Wambura hardly knew him.

"Is this Mobere the farmer?" Wambura jokingly asked. But Mobere did not laugh.

"Enough of that," he said roughly. "Back to the fields, you. Little sister, prepare food for me and my woman."

Wambura saw that his brother's wife was painted, elegantly garbed and mocking. Mobere had lost his love for his sister and his brother. Mobere was now a slave of hemp, drink and a woman.

Mobere told Wambura that he could no longer go to the mission and study the religion. "This religion is bad," he complained. "It wants to take away our customs. The White Robes are doing only what the Government tells them. They will steal our cows and our country and we will be no more."

"It's not so!" shouted Wambura. "The Padris love the people, but you hate the Padris because they are not afraid to tell you that you

are not a good African. They tell you to your face that you are destroying our customs by your manner of living. They are not afraid to call this woman what she is!"

That did it. Mobere snatched up a club and beat Wambura on the shoulders and head and neck and legs, until the poor lad fell to the ground. Mobere kept on beating him until the club broke.

In my room Wambura finished his story, sobbing and gesturing and living the agony all over again. I couldn't let him return to Mobere's house. After some more tea and bread, Wambura agreed to stay and live at the mission. He asked, "But won't Mobere come after me?"

The boy didn't know how I would manage it — but I did. I hoped Mobere would come. I would give him a chance to work over somebody his size.

Wambura was baptized yesterday. He took the name of Job.

Job is ten years old. ■ ■





Life is Just a . . .

What does a city slicker know
about tying a squealing pig?

BY RICHARD McMONIGAL, M.M.

■ "DID you hear what happened to Cho-Cha?"

This, spoken in a loud and disturbing whisper that the orphans use during the siesta hour when they know they must be quiet, woke me up one afternoon. Cho-Cha is the nickname for Rosalino Gomez, one of our oldest orphans. His father on his death bed three years ago left him in my care.

"The Army grabbed him!" went on the stage whisper outside my window. That got me out of bed with a sigh. Rosalino is in the fourth year of secondary school and is of draft age. Before he entered school in January, I went to the Army and they said he wouldn't be called this year. The law says that a student cannot be called during the school year. Here it was the middle of the school year, and the Army was grabbing all the young fellows in sight. What happened was that the Army

needed more hands to harvest rice. The easiest way to get them was to drag boys off the street on their way to school.

I put on my cassock and walked over to town in the hot sun, getting madder by the minute. I stormed into Army headquarters. The first man I met was Colonel Nogales, who is a fine officer and good friend of mine. I asked him about Rosalino, and of course he knew nothing. He passed me on to another gracious colonel, and he couldn't tell me if the boy was in or not. I began to think I was getting the run-around.

I waded through the office, spraying questions at colonels, captains, lieutenants. I was ready to give the whole Bolivian Army its biggest defeat since the Chaco War. I was delivering lectures on the rights of Bolivian citizens, quoting the law. They could see I was annoyed and were giving me useless explanations.

Suddenly I heard a voice from the doorway. "Here I am, Padre." It was Rosalino. He had been picked up on his way home from school. He had protested and sent a friend running for a copy of his baptismal certificate. He showed it to the officer, who finally released Rosalino.

Somewhat mollified, I got assurances from the Army that they wouldn't bother him for the rest of the school year. I assured them that when it was his turn I would see that he would enter the Army. We parted the best of friends.

On the way home while we were laughing about it all, Rosalino said: "Boy! you were worked up. While I was listening to you, I was glad

you were on my side and not against me."

Father Fritz's men's group decided to have a bazaar. I was not exactly bubbling with enthusiasm because a bazaar means a tremendous amount of work and with present inflation the returns are small. But the group is new and we want to let them try their wings so we told them to go ahead. Father Fritz ran into the usual difficulties, not being able to find prizes; people who promised to do things didn't do them. He had to do a lot of running around. But the men meant well and did cooperate.

Father Fritz sent me to pick up three pigs we had bought. It was hot, and I was in clean clothes, so I took along five orphans, determined I wasn't going to do anything but drive the jeep. We got to the house and I told the boys to catch the pigs and tie them. After watching the feeble efforts of our poor city slickers, I had to get busy and throw the pigs down, then hold them while the boys tied them.

Only one boy was of any help; the rest were afraid to grab a squealing pig. We finally got the pigs trussed up and in the jeep. They squealed all the way across town until we dropped them off at their destination.

Carpenters were busy putting up the stands, everyone else was running to get beer and food, and looking for the millions of things that were missing. I set up our new loud-speaker and record player, to spin some music to drag the people in. The generator that we borrowed was set too high; it promptly

burned out the loud-speaker and record player. It was disheartening after waiting a year for them to arrive. However, the radio man in town was able to repair the machines.

We held the bazaar in the central plaza. After dark the night of the opening, things began to pick up, especially *petillas*, flying insects with round hard shells that give off an acid with a terrible stench. *Petillas* come in hordes. If one falls in your food and you eat the food you have that taste in your mouth for hours. We covered the lights with red paper and that helped to keep them away.

The people came, bought their dinners, ate cake, drank beer and danced. Later in the evening, our auctioneer got up in the kiosk and auctioned off a roast pig, roast ducks and cakes. Customers were mellow by that time, and friendly rivalries broke out between some of the better heeled; they paid lovely impossible prices for our lowly cakes, ducks and pigs.

Finally, at midnight, when no food or anything else was left, we began to break things up. We had to return all the equipment so we began shuttling back and forth with jeepfuls of chairs and tables. The wonderful thing about it was that we had 30 men, working until two in the morning, helping us.

The bazaar netted less than \$100 but Father Fritz was happy because it got the men working together

to do something for San Jose. The money was used to build a new bridge. The latter is almost finished and there will be a big dedication next Sunday. The men

worked hard and learned some good lessons, not to sit around, waiting for the city to act; and if they work together they can accomplish a good

deal in building civic pride.

Our school picnic was a double header. The Sisters took the small fry out to a nearby place; we took the older ones out to the Prado, where there is a swimming hole. We soon had 150 jumping in and out of the water. At five o'clock on the morning of the picnic there were girls outside the orphanage calling for Miguel, Ernesto, Daniel and so on, to "lend me a pair of pants and a shirt for the picnic."

Innocent dopes that they were, the boys got up and gave the clothes to the girls. They spent the next couple of days trying to get the clothes back. The girls all wanted pants and shirts because they are good protection against bugs.

A very sad story is the heart-rending tale of a soccer ball. One of the last things I did in the States a year ago was to buy a soccer ball for the orphans. It was packed in a mission box, slung aboard a boat and eventually reached Lima. There Father McCarthy's able work got the box through customs. The Peruvian airline carried it up over the lofty Andes and deposited it in Maldonado, Peru, some 500

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you do not receive an answer in a short time, won't
you please advise us?

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so Fu. A few days before his city was captured, Fu came to the Maryknoll mission and asked if the Fathers would take care of his children while he and his wife went to the mountains to join guerilla bands.

We explained that the children would not be safe in our care because Communists hate the Catholic Church and Americans. So Fu found someone else to watch over his children, then went to the mountains. The guerilla tactics he had learned in his fight against the Japanese, were used in his fight with the Communists.

"Never have we met such opposition," said the Communist soldiers. They dared not go out of the city in fewer numbers than fifty — all well armed.

The Communists began their rule in Cinnamon Grove with the wisdom of the serpent. They went out of their way to be kind. Soldiers were quartered in the homes of the people. At first, the homeowners grumbled about the arrangement but soon they were won over. The soldiers prepared their own meals; and each morning before reporting for duty, they cleaned the houses, the yards and the sidewalks. They carried water from the wells and made themselves generally useful.

Naturally, the people of Cinnamon Grove were impressed. They began to acclaim the new Government. The Maryknoll Fathers were also impressed — at the cleverness of the Communists' system. We knew from reading, and from conversations with Red soldiers, that all of this was merely a show to win

over the people. As one of the soldiers put it: "This may seem like heaven now but soon it will turn into hell. I've seen it happen many times."

Out in the hills, Fu and his fellow guerillas received reports from their spies on what the Communists were doing. Fu was ready to swallow the bait, too. It was dangled before him in a most enticing manner. Word got to him that the Communists would make a deal with him. After he was given a promise of no punishment, Fu led his men to Cinnamon Grove to surrender.

I saw the guerillas riding into the city, with Fu at their lead. The next thing I knew, Fu had been sent to an indoctrination school. When he returned he was assigned to work at Communist headquarters.

Once the trap had been sprung with the guerillas safely inside it, the Reds showed their true colors. Life in Cinnamon Grove turned into a gruesome nightmare. Executions took place daily. The people were in terror, not knowing who was next. Our churches were closed and we were forced to leave China.

I returned to the United States, and during my stay there, I often wondered how Fu was making out. Could he keep quiet in the face of the sufferings of the people? And if he raised his voice, what then?

Recently I was assigned to Formosa. I asked a refugee I had known on the mainland about Fu.

"Didn't you hear?" he asked. "Mayor Fu was executed six months after he began working with the Reds."



Finally at midnight I got up and put everything down on the ground and slept there. It was warmer, and the mosquitoes couldn't get at me.

The next morning the people began to come in. Some had walked for three hours. We had almost 100 per cent attendance. Sister noticed a baby that was very sick and began to doctor her with medicines. That afternoon Sister told me the baby was worse so I confirmed little Rosa. A few hours later, she died. It seemed that she had waited to receive Confirmation, before winging off to heaven.

Her parents had no boards for a coffin. I ripped a couple off a rice bin, and gave a small altar cloth for them to wrap the body in. The mother was heartbroken but the fact that her baby died on the one day when the priest and Sisters were there, was some consolation.

The next morning we had a good crowd again for Mass. Before noon, there was a procession with the small crude coffin to a freshly dug grave in the jungle cemetery.

About noon we started back to Riberalta after delays to tie on packs and repair broken stirrups. The mare that Rosalino rode was expecting; I had to ride slowly so he could keep up with me.

The Sisters galloped off, and when they found a shady spot, they waited for us to catch up. We were almost back to town and I was breathing a sigh of gratitude because nothing had gone wrong.

Then we came to the worst arroyo. The bridge was down and that meant we had to slide down a steep bank, cross a small stream, and scramble up a steep bank on the other side. The horses didn't like it either.

Father Fritz and I became "grandfathers" sort of, this month. Olga, our former cook who married our former orphan, Angel, had her first baby. A nice baby it was too. You never saw two prouder "grandfathers" than these two aging clerics. The young parents brought the baby to be baptized the other night, and of course we were invited to the fiesta. One down and fourteen to go; orphans that is. ■ ■

INDY ANN RISES IN THE WORLD



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First Look at Paete

**Bats had staked a claim
on this Filipino church.**

BY JOHN W. LENNON, M.M.

■ FIVE ancient bells in the church in Paete rang out with a message of joy as Maryknoll, in the persons of Fathers Joseph Regan and Edward Fleming, took over another parish in the Philippines. Maryknoll now has all the Bai-Bai parishes in the Province of Laguna.

Paete parish was founded in 1591. Its church and rectory suffered great damage in the earthquakes of past years and the bombings of World War II. There is much work to be done spiritually, too. Half the townspeople belong to the Aglipayan sect, and many of the rest

have fallen away from the Church.

Fathers Regan and Fleming spent their first night in Paete sleeping on the floor because of insect inhabitants in the beds. They were without the advantages of running water and electric lights. Soon the Padres were rounding up carpenters and electricians to make the rectory livable. The people of the town were amazed at what the American Fathers could do. The rectory had six-foot-thick, adobe walls but no roof. Its rotten flooring was replaced or covered with plywood. Father Regan's hope that this house would be ready for us language students began to look possible.

Paete's church is something for an artist to paint. Behind the altar rail are 43 statues. Many are unknown even to the people of the parish. Because the church in Paete was founded by Franciscans, there

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are many statues of various Franciscan saints. The altar is made of tin.

The tabernacle, erected in 1869, is plated with silver. It was the habitat of thousands of red ants until Flit ended their existence. The steps leading to the main altar are covered by a green, linoleum rug. Two statues beside the main altar — one of the Sacred Heart and the other of the Blessed Mother — are clothed in bright red silk and have real hair wigs. Behind the main altar there is a richly decorated wooden shrine which houses many statues in its niches. This is the home of very active rats. The ceiling rafters house thousands of bats, which like to dive during Mass or Benediction. Lights don't scare these bats.

Due to lack of education, the people haven't a proper understanding of the Mass. Their devotions consist mainly in lighting candles and praying in front of statues. One of the most popular statues is "The Signor," a coffin-like affair with a statue of the dead Christ resting inside. Candles are lit all day and night in front of this shrine. The tabernacle containing the Blessed Sacrament is given only a slight bow.

The town of Paete has about six thousand inhabitants. Of the half that are Catholic, about a thousand go to the sacraments. Many of the people are living in civil marriages; many were invalidly baptized with the Aglipayan form. Most of the people think that the Aglipayan Church is the same as the Catholic Church because it copies every-

thing the Catholic Church does.

Because of this misunderstanding, many are baptized and married in the Aglipayan way. Fathers Regan and Fleming are working hard on this problem. Through census work, they have validated many marriages. They have also started to teach religion classes in the public schools. It will be only by education that any progress will be made for the Faith in the Philippines. The system of paid catechists in the public schools is another step forward, and seems to be working out very well in Paete. The catechists meet at the church every week, to learn new methods and to revise those that aren't successful.

Connected with the parish of Paete, are two small towns that are not large enough to have priests of their own. San Juan boasts of a bamboo chapel with a paper-covered altar and many statues. They are covered with spider webs and wax from the many candles that are burned before them. The people hope that San Juan will soon become a parish. There are about 1,500 in this barrio, with about 200 attending Mass on Sundays.

Longes, an adjacent town, was once headquarters for the Huks. Originally it was the larger barrio. Its church has eight-foot-thick walls but no roof except a few tin strips over the main altar. Here too, our friends the bats are extremely energetic; they take turns bothering any person who goes near the altar. Some 30 attend Sunday Mass in this town of about 1,000.

As I said, there is much work to be done in Paete.



MY FRIEND ANDRES

A little boy is helpless
when he runs into a hero.

BY RICHARD M. QUINN, M.M.



■ BEFORE the Maryknoll Fathers came to Ayaviri I lived a carefree life. My mother and father are Indians; so I am an Indian too. I lived on the little farm with my parents and my brothers and sisters. Together we worked the ground, cared for the chickens and the pig and lived a happy life. We had always been poor, but my father had great plans for me:

"Andres," he would say, "I am getting old and I will always be a poor farmer. But not you."

He planned to give me an education so that I could be someone. Mother and he saved money, by working harder than ever, to send me to school. If I could learn to read and write and do arithmetic, I would be able to work in one of the many stores in Ayaviri. I would be able to help the family — to become a famous man — maybe even to have a store of my own!

Such was the bright future that lay before me when I started to school. I tried very hard in my studies. It was difficult to learn Spanish because at home we always

speak in Quechua. Reading and writing were difficult too, but nothing was so hard as arithmetic.

I knew how to count before I went to school — I had to because it used to be my job to count the chickens to make sure that every single one of them was penned up before we went to bed. But arithmetic! There was a science to master! Adding and subtracting, multiplication and division: they made my head spin. As if these were not enough, there were the problems. "If Juan has five pencils and twelve marbles and gives three of each. . ."

But, even at that, I think I was doing all right until the Maryknoll Fathers came. Right from the first I liked them, because they spoke broken Spanish as I did. They used to come to the school and teach us catechism twice a week. They had many wonderful things, like lanterns that showed colored pictures on the wall. I enjoyed these so much that I even went to catechism classes after school — over in the sacristy — just to see those wonderful pictures over and over again.

I liked the Fathers even more when I found that they were learning to speak my own language. Imagine my surprise to hear the priest explain some picture in Spanish and then come right out and say the same thing in Quechua.

I think my real trouble started when I joined the Knights of the Altar. We learned to play basketball, and Father had a special soccer ball that he let only the Knights use. Every Tuesday afternoon, we — just the *Caballeros del Altar* — would play a very exciting game in

the rectory. You get a card with a lot of numbers on it, and cover up the numbers as Father calls them out. And when you have one row of numbers covered, you shout "Bingo!" I guess the games were what started me thinking of becoming a priest.

I noticed that the Father liked to play games with us children, and take us on Communion calls in his jeep. He was so kind and always happy that it made me feel good just to be with him. I knew by then that I didn't want to be a "big man" in Ayaviri — even a store owner. I wanted to be a priest like the Father.

In the two years that I've been in the Puno minor seminary I've learned a lot more about what being a priest means. I know a little better now why he's always happy — and also how he makes Our Lord and His Blessed Mother happy with his work.

Like I say: I lived a carefree life before the Maryknoll Fathers came to Ayaviri. But that's when the trouble started. Then I had only arithmetic to worry about. But this year I've got algebra to worry about because I'm in the second year of high school. Next year there'll be more algebra. And after that will come plane geometry and physics. Then trigonometry, solid geometry, chemistry — all that before I even get out of the minor seminary. Woe is me!

I hope I can depend on those Maryknoll benefactors to pray for me. The Padres de Maryknoll have told me about how much you do. Believe me, I need your help. ■ ■





CREATION

The account in Genesis of the creation of Adam and Eve is Scriptural proof for the unity of the human race, a reminder that all nations sprang from a common source. In these days, when so many would divide us, it is well to recall, vividly and often, our brotherhood in God's Fatherhood.

Miguel's Last Ride

BY JOSEPH R. LANG, M.M.

The finger of God moves quickly in the Andean night.

■ I FINISHED supper in the seminary dining room and went into the kitchen to give a last-minute instruction to the cook. Soon he would be making his way through the dark, narrow streets of Puno, to his little adobe house. As I was leaving the kitchen I noticed Miguel bending over a small cement sink, washing greasy pots and pans.

Miguel was slightly older than the other two men in the kitchen — Victor and Felix — but he could turn out as much work as a young man. A recent illness had given him the features of advanced years, although he was just a little over fifty. As I passed him, I wished him "*Buenos noches!*" and gave him a friendly poke in the ribs. He responded with a small laugh and turned back to his task. I passed onto the lighted basketball court where some of the seminarians were playing a game of Twenty-one.

Later that night I was in the seminarians' study hall, preparing a Latin lesson for the following day. Father Tessier came to my desk in the study hall to tell me that Miguel had a nosebleed. Thinking that the man was still in the kitchen,

I suggested that he bend his head back, and I remarked that, after a short while, the bleeding would stop.

However, Father Tessier explained that Miguel was at home, and that a friend of his was at our main door, asking for a priest to go to the sick man immediately. The friend said that the nosebleed seemed to be quite serious. I asked Father Tessier to mind the students and went immediately to get ready. Something told me that it would be well to take along the holy oils and ritual.

The messenger and I drove to Miguel's home in the mission's half-ton truck. The cobblestone street leading to Miguel's house was so narrow that it was impossible for me to drive right up to our destination. Leaving the truck about half a block away, I ran to the house — and found it crowded with people. All the sick man's neighbors were there, plus a few policemen.

On entering the little building I could not help but notice, even in all the excitement, that our kitchen man's home was only a one-room, adobe shack. The ceiling

was very low, and the walls were sooty from the smoke of a small stove. The flooring was made of wood from liquor crates. Dust lay over everything.

I quickly made my way to a dark corner where Miguel was lying upon a mattress of reeds. It was obvious that he had lost a lot of blood. I could not tell whether he was already dead or merely unconscious. Before I could get the holy oils out, two men began to put Miguel on a blanket to carry him from the room. I had to ask them to let him be, so that I might give him absolution. I felt for his pulse and could perceive none. So I anointed him conditionally and gave him conditional absolution.

Some of the men then carried Miguel to the truck, so that I might drive him to the hospital. Just as we reached the truck, the local ambulance came on the scene; it had been called by the police. Miguel was put into the ambulance and two policemen rode with him. I took Miguel's wife and some of

his closest relatives in the truck.

The ambulance, with its siren blasting, made its way through the narrow streets, to Saint John of God Hospital. I was not far behind. At the hospital — the only one in Puno, and not the most up-to-date — Miguel was put on a wooden stretcher and carried to a bed on the second floor.

A nurse was located, and I asked one of the policemen to call a doctor. There was no doctor on duty at the time. After about ten minutes one stepped into the ward. He made a quick examination, and pronounced Miguel dead. According to the doctor's findings, the patient had died before I got to his house.

Miguel's last ride was to the morgue. The next day he was placed in a very ordinary coffin, and carried on the shoulders of four men to the little chapel in the center of the cemetery. There our good kitchen helper received the last blessing and was laid to rest. We begged Almighty God to take his soul to Himself. ■ ■



EDITORIAL:

The Missing Victory

BY ALBERT J. NEVINS, M.M.

■ WHEN the Communist victories are tallied, the yardstick used for assessing the gains is fabricated from the political and economic. We of the free world count up the countries that have slipped behind the Iron and Bamboo Curtains. We add up the oil wells lost to us, the steel production that is no longer available to the West, and the food potential that has been Sovietized. But there is one Communist victory that does not appear on our balance sheet; and if indications are to be believed, we are not even aware that it is missing. Perhaps this is because the victory is a spiritual one, and in our Western materialism, spiritual victories seem unimportant.

THERE ARE in the world today three great organized religious forces — Christianity, Moslemism, and Buddhism. Against the first, the Communists have had little success.

Christians have been persecuted and killed. Independent national Churches have been attempted, but the results have not been worth the efforts. There has been some infiltration of Protestant bodies, and a few defections among Catholics. But by and large, the attempt by the Reds to take over Christianity has proved a dismal failure.

AT THE present time, communism is wooing the Moslem world. Red agents are extremely busy in North Africa and the Near East. The arms deal with Egypt was for more than political or military motives. It is too early to predict what the results will be of the Communist attempt to capture the Moslem world. However, indications are that the Reds will not succeed. The Moslems are on to the Soviet game. Moreover, since many Moslem states closely border Russia, the Moslems are politically and militarily wary.



This Month's Cover

What are the Filipinos like? An easy way to find one answer to that question is to feast your eyes on the Tagalog miss, drawn by Gerda Christofferson. She brings vividly to mind the emotional overtones of the nursery rhyme that says little girls are made of sugar and spice and everything nice.

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BUT WHEN it comes to the third great world religion — Buddhism — the victory already belongs to the Communists. And this is the victory the world has seemed to overlook. For today the Reds control the Buddhist authorities and ecclesiastical hierarchy.

The two great figures of the Buddhist world are the Dalai Lama and the Panchen Lama, both of whom live in Tibet. Of the two, the Dalai Lama is the greater, exercising in Tibet an autocratic spiritual and temporal power that no other nation has ever known. Moreover, the spiritual power of the Dalai Lama extends over all Mahayan Buddhists in Tibet, China, Japan, India, Mongolia, Nepal, Sikkim and other countries. Countless millions look upon the Dalai Lama much as Catholics look upon the Pope.

THE COMMUNISTS were aware of the great power of the Dalai Lama. They knew that, if they could control this one man, they could control a large part of the Buddhist world. Territorial boundaries were unimportant, because Buddhism is contained by no boundaries.

The Dalai Lama knew what would happen to his Church if the Reds should gain control. So when the Chinese Communists threatened Tibet in 1951, he and his entourage fled Lhasa to the Indian-Tibetan border. The Reds sent his brother to persuade him to return, but the brother kept on going until he reached the United States — where he is now living. The Communists sent delegations of lamas from re-

AUGUST, 1956

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The Field Afar

*Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America*

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911
by the American Hierarchy to
prepare missionaries from the
United States and to send them
forth, under the direction of the
Holy See, to the mission fields
of the world.

mote monasteries to beg him to return to Lhasa. They also let it be whispered abroad that the Dalai Lama was not the true reincarnation of Buddha, but an impostor. Meanwhile, the free world did nothing.

The upshot was that the Dalai Lama returned to Lhasa, and immediately the Red Army raced across Tibet and sealed the border. They appointed a council to "guide" the Dalai Lama, and set about systematically to impoverish and destroy the power of the Buddhist monasteries.

With this great victory, few in the Western world are familiar. ■ ■



The Old King

**Elias' mind broods big ideas,
and he can make them pay off.**

BY EDWARD A. McGURKIN, M.M.

■ FROM time to time in our diaries, we have mentioned the fine king we have in this region, King William by name. "Solicitous for His People" is his royal title and he lives up to it. He gives good Christian example; the Fathers know that they can count on him whenever any help is needed.

After studying some old records, we can report that King William is the heir to a fine tradition, for his predecessor in this region of Tanganyika was that wonderful man, King Elias. The story of his life is like a chapter from the Old Testament.

Mass was said in the home of King Elias before the mission of Sayusayu was built. An entry in the Sayusayu mission diary, dated October 7, 1928, Feast of the Holy Rosary, the day on which the mission was officially opened, tells something about King Elias. Elias worked for the White Fathers in their pioneer mission at Bukumbi. He was alert and he showed the qualities of a leader.

Tanganyika was a German colony in those days. When German officials went to the White Fathers, in search of a capable scout to guide their caravans back and forth from the coast, Elias was given the job. The trek overland from Lake Victoria to the shores of the Indian Ocean at Bagamoyo, Dar Es Salaam or Zanzibar was a long, killing journey by foot — full of dangers and uncertainties of all sorts. Elias did his work well.

The regions of Ruanda-Urundi were totally pagan in those days. Bishop Hirt of Uganda then lived at

MARYKNOLL

Bukumbi, having retired to this side of Lake Victoria at the beginning of the British conquest of Uganda because intertribal and semireligious wars accompanied the conquest.

Bishop Hirt sent Elias to the King of Ruanda as a special emissary. It was his duty to live at the royal court and prepare the way for the coming of the Fathers, explaining to the king what the Fathers represented, what the Christian religion taught, what the Fathers hoped to bring to the people. Thus Elias was nuncio, if not a papal nuncio, certainly an episcopal one. Again he did his job well.

The White Fathers were admitted into Ruanda. Although conversions came very slowly for the first couple of decades, this territory later blossomed into one of the most Catholic and promising regions of all Africa. An African bishop leads the clergy in Ruanda, including both African and European priests. Today two out of every five people in Ruanda-Urundi are Catholics. The king of the country is Catholic, and has dedicated his nation to Christ the King. Elias helped to lay the foundation on which this growth was built.

When the White Fathers decided to open Musoma, Land of the Twelve Tribes, again it was Elias who prepared the way. During World War I, the administration of Tanganyika passed from German hands to British. The British, like the Germans, asked the White Fathers to recommend capable administrators.

Many of the old kings had been deposed. A king was needed for the

section around Sayusayu and for several neighboring chiefdoms. Again, Elias was the man. In 1917, he took up his quarters at Iboregero, a few miles from Sayusayu. He built a substantial house, installed a private chapel. He became revered as a wise and efficient ruler.

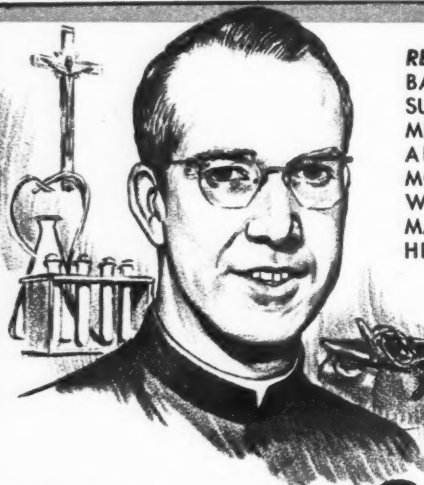
A few years after the end of World War I, a movement was started to restore the royal family of Babinza to the chiefdoms of Sukuma Land. Pressure was brought to bear on the British in London and at the League of Nations in Geneva. This meant that Elias would have to retire to make room for a member of the former royal family.

In two successive plebiscites, in 1928, King Elias was re-elected by his people. But the people were told that he would have to go, that they must elect one of the old royal family. They hated to see Elias go but they made a good choice: they elected William.

King Elias retired to the south, and hundreds of Christians went with him. Soon the available farmlands and pastures were not sufficient for such a large community. Elias moved farther to the southwest, opening new bush country and developing fields of corn and millet and grasslands for his flocks. Each time he moved, the people followed.

The White Fathers make periodic visits to say Mass for him and his people. When Maryknollers take over missions in Maswa, some of the White Fathers thus released will likely be sent to Gaeta District. They will have the makings of a fine parish among King Elias' Catholic homesteaders. ■■

What ONE Priest Can Do!



REPORT #1. DR. EDWARD M. BASKERVILLE, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, CAPTAIN IN U.S. ARMY MEDICAL CORPS; MAJOR IN U.S. AIR CORPS; TWENTY-TWO MONTHS OVERSEAS IN WORLD WAR II, PARTICIPATED IN SIX MAJOR EUROPEAN CAMPAIGNS. HE JOINED MARYKNOLL; WAS ORDAINED IN 1953.

REPORT #2. REV. EDWARD M. BASKERVILLE, MARYKNOLL MISSIONER: IN HIS KOWAK, AFRICA MISSION LAST YEAR THERE WERE 623 BAPTISMS, 497 CONFIRMATIONS, 496 PUPILS, 29 MASSES IN DISTANT STATIONS, 25,000 SICK PEOPLE TREATED.



The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

8-56

Dear Fathers: I am interested in laboring for souls as a missionary. Please send me free literature about becoming a Maryknoll

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The farming women of Utsu-mura had a big question to ask the new Father.

Getting My Feet Wet

■ THIS happened in Sonobe, my first assignment after finishing a year of language study in Tokyo. I packed my books and made my way to Kyoto. The name Sonobe was familiar; I had seen it many times in the diary. But Sonobe's geographical location was a complete mystery. It did not take long to find directions.

Sonobe is an hour out of Kyoto station on the Saiin (Mountain Shadow) Railroad line that heads north toward the inland seaport of Maizuru. Nestled between two mountains, with a river running alongside, is the church property. An imposing church, recently built, is a land-

The easiest way to learn swimming is to jump directly in.

BY THOMAS W. TAKAHASHI, M.M.

mark from the railroad station. Father Edward Barron, of Detroit, who developed this area after the war, told me my duties would be to take care of three mission stations.

I was to leave here Saturday afternoon by bus for Utsu-mura, to take care of confessions that evening and spend the night in the home of a Catholic. Next morning, I was to

offer the Holy Sacrifice, give my sermon, attend to any immediate problems, converse with the Christians, and start back for Sonobe.

This assignment entailed no problem except it was my first trip to an outstation. I was a little disturbed but Father Barron assured me that once I got on the right bus, it would take me to the village, and someone there would show me around.

The first Saturday arrived, and preparations were made for the trip. A Mass kit was readied, a lunch to be my supper was packed, and detailed directions to my destination were given me by the catechist. I made all the connections by asking everybody: "Is this the bus to Shuzan? I wish to go to Utsu-mura." Everyone was very helpful and assured me that the bus I was about to board would go to Utsu-mura.

The bus was a late model, made in one of Japan's factories. It was crowded with high-school students returning to their villages for the week-end holidays. My ears were bombarded with the happy bedlam they created. As the bus began to climb the winding road up a mountain, my curiosity took over. I looked to the left and to the right. The road was just wide enough to accommodate one bus; it passed through surrounding scenery that is beautiful.

I have since traveled over this same road every week end for two years. But my eyes still can't get enough of the natural beauty of rocky crags, the pine trees proudly pushing their tops skyward. It's a marvel to me where trees could ever find enough soil to nourish

their roots. Wherever possible, the Japanese plant cedars because their lumber brings in more money than does pine.

The bus climbed higher. I happened to look to my left — and saw a sheer drop. Out came my beads, I was busy reciting *Aves* and asking my guardian angel to look after the bus. I kept telling myself that the driver must be qualified; he had been driving over this dangerously narrow road for the past five years. He hadn't yet had an accident, despite his handicap of having only one eye.

All of a sudden I heard the screech of brakes. The bus stopped with a jolt that threw the standing passengers forward. The conductor jumped out and ran to investigate.

He came back grinning and explained to the passengers, "Just a turtle basking in the sun."

The bus began to move again. I was still trying to recover from the idea of a sleeping turtle causing all that excitement, when another emergency arose. Naturally the bus driver stepped on the brake pedal for all he was worth.

The bus driver turned to apologize. He explained, "There's a snake, sunning himself on the road." Rather than run over the snake he made the conductor get off and persuade the reptile to move off the road. Finally after an hour of these delaying events, the bus arrived.

Utsu-mura is a farming village of about 200 families. The Christians had been informed by letter that a priest would come to say Mass on Sunday morning. One of the first persons I met was Mr. Matsugi

(Pine Tree), former principal of the Utsu grammar school, former mayor of the village. He now is in his 76th year and still doing farm work. He came up to me smiling and asked, "Are you the Father from Sonobe?" When I answered in the affirmative, he added, "*Gokura sama*" (Honorable trouble for coming here). He took me to his house.

It was there that Mass was to be offered the following morning.

After supper, the Christians came in for confessions and remained to get a good look at, and have a few words with, the new priest. I mentioned my name, asking them for their indulgence. (This is correct Japanese greeting etiquette.) They all asked about Father James Gorman, the Maryknoller assigned to take care of Utsu-mura before me.

Then one of the young men, named Thomas Koya (Small House), started it by asking, "When is the chapel to be built here in Utsu? We were told that a chapel would be built here very soon. Is there any word about building?"

I said I didn't know that a chapel was to be built. Every time I went to that village, the chapel question popped up.

Eventually the chapel in Utsu-mura was no longer a problem. Last November, ground was broken for the foundation and two weeks later the main beams were laid across the supporting studs. All the

Catholic men had a hand in the *muneage* (beam-raising ceremony).

I was there when the beams were put in place. At this point, it's customary among non-Christians to

call in a Shinto priest to scare evil spirits away from the new structure.

The contractor asked me to conduct a religious ceremony, so I blessed the foundation and the

upright studs with holy water and a few prayers.

Once the logs were in place, all construction work stopped. The beams were laid; to these people that meant that the chapel was practically finished — something that demanded a celebration. The simple ceremony over, we all went to Matsugi-san's house for a real big feast.

The Catholic ladies had pounded *mochi* (sweet rice) the day before and had spent all day preparing other foods for the occasion. We all sat down to enjoy the food. I said a word of appreciation to the contractor, carpenters, cement mixers and all the Christians for their cooperation.

Utsu-mura will soon have a chapel; it will be large enough to take care of the religious needs of the village.

Right now I'm getting some answers ready. The next question of the people of Utsu-mura most likely will be, "When will a priest live here so we can have the Blessed Sacrament with us?" ■ ■

YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS

to Maryknoll are deductible for Federal income tax purposes. That helps you, helps people overseas and helps us spread the charity of Christ.



THE JUNGLE MISSION



in Pando, Bolivia, has a rapidly growing population. Here's how you can help the missionaries keep up with the growth. They request:

- \$1,500 . . . to educate 300 children in primary school for one year. Perhaps you can educate a child for one year.**
- \$1,000 . . . for repairs and upkeep of a primary school.**
- \$1,000 . . . for an organ in a church.**
- \$ 500 . . . to maintain a jeep for mission journeys for one year.**
- \$ 300 . . . for a church bell.**
- \$ 100 . . . to feed the mission horse for a year. He carries the priest on sick calls.**
- \$ 30 . . . for a set of altar cloths.**
- \$ 20 . . . for a teacher's desk.**
- \$ 20 . . . for notebooks for school children.**
- \$ 10 . . . for their pencils.**
- \$ 5 . . . for an altar boy's cassock.**
- \$ 3 . . . for a desk for one pupil.**
- \$ 1.40 . . . for incense for Benediction.**

Write:

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.



HOUSE CLEANING

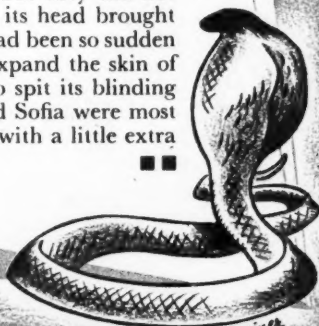
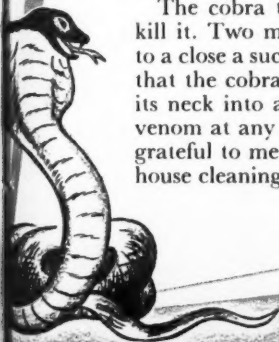
BY LOUIS I. BAYLESS, M.M.

■ IT WAS about noon, when Paulo and Rocko ran into the office. My study of Kisukuma was interrupted by their request that I get a gun and follow them quickly over to Thomas' house. A poisonous snake had invaded Thomas' house and he wanted me to kill it. Even though I was new at the language, I had no trouble understanding them, because I had been called out before ' ' shoot snakes.

It took me no time to get my rifle and ammunition. The gun was loaded and ready for action. Paulo and Rocko preceded me into the house. I greeted Sofia, the wife of Thomas. She was busy preparing dinner in the kitchen, which is the front room of the house. I followed the boys into the second room. Thomas was standing in one corner of the dark room. He held the beam of his flashlight on a gunny sack, which was in another corner. But I could see no snake.

Rocko took the flashlight from Thomas and kept playing the beam on and around the sack. Thomas slowly moved the sack away with a long stick. Under the sack was coiled a shiny, black cobra.

The cobra took three bullets but they did not kill it. Two more shots through its head brought to a close a successful attack. It had been so sudden that the cobra had no time to expand the skin of its neck into a broad hood or to spit its blinding venom at any of us. Thomas and Sofia were most grateful to me for helping them with a little extra house cleaning. ■ ■



Schreiner

Bishop Lane confirms
this refugee mother.





These refugee boys help support their families by salvaging nails for re-sale.

Refugees' Hong Kong

■ THE BRITISH colony of Hong Kong is the goal for those Chinese able to escape from Red China. The refugees crowd every part of the colony, living in make-shift shacks, seeking the most menial work, and presenting many problems for the Government's educational and sanitary departments.

Almost from the first, Maryknoll Missioners went among these people to live and work. Today strong refugee parishes exist. ■ ■

AUGUST, 1956



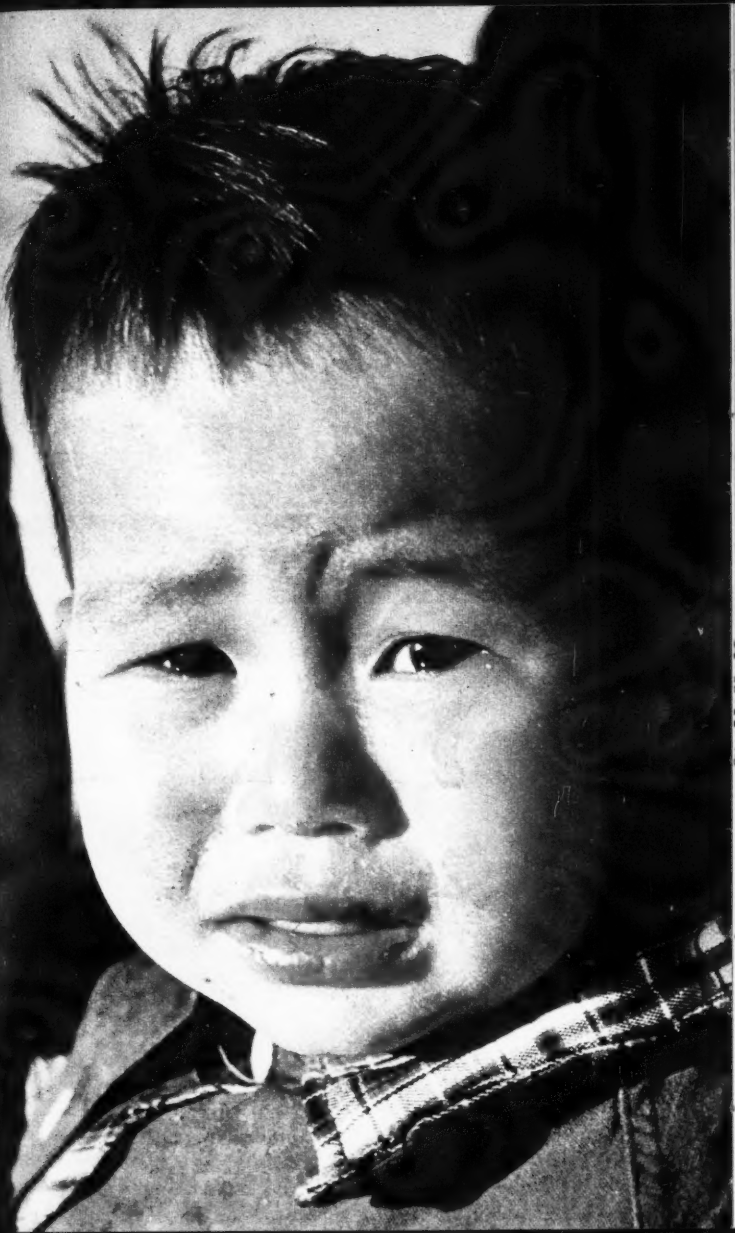


FIRE!

Thousands of refugees live in squatter settlements where a careless spark can set (above) their homes ablaze and drive them fleeing (below). The boy (opposite) has seen his home destroyed. A refugee's existence is precarious. The missioner channels your help.



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Father Howard Trube (above), of New York City, celebrates Corpus Christi with his refugee converts at Tung Tao Tsuen.



Another missionary among the refugees is Massachusetts' Father Peter Reilly, whose friendly smile and help are always ready.



Cardinal of
the refugees.



Sister Maria Consuela (Franz) finds that Formosan youngsters are good fun.

No Mystery About It

Over a bowl of warm milk she
told of ten days without rice.

BY SISTER MARION CORDIS

■ TWO of us walked slowly through the market place in Towfen. People looked and stared.

We were new in town. They probably wondered why we were there, but I'm sure they did not suspect we were already at work — that we were praying earnestly for them as we passed. They could not know we were glad of their curiosity because it might lead to interest later on, and to a desire to hear our message about the one true God.

That particular day, as we turned toward home, we saw a little old lady bent over a bamboo stick, inching her way over the cobblestones. We greeted her with the

MARYKNOLL

usual Chinese salutation, "Have you had rice yet?"

Our friendliness took her by surprise. We tried again. "Old lady, what is your age?" By then she knew we were concerned about her, and she talked from her heart about her sprained back, the neglect of her children, and two painful attempts to reach a doctor. As we neared the convent, we invited her in.

Over a bowl of warm milk, she talked and talked. "They say if you don't eat rice for seven days you will die. Once I had no rice for ten days — just unboiled water — but I could not die."

We told her our story then — of the Lord of Heaven, His love for each person, the eternal joys of heaven He has promised us. As she rested and listened, her eyes began to glow with relief and hope. Later, when we helped her home, we knew she would return.

The younger women who are studying the doctrine are eager, joyous, even excited about their new Faith. But our little old lady is a quiet contrast to the others. The endurance and patience in her lined face are softened by serene peace. We can tell she is thinking of eternal happiness and her trust in God inspires us all. Very soon she will be baptized, and eventually, from heaven, she will help us win others of her people.

So you see, there is no secret about interesting people in the Faith. Friendliness, kindness, concern for those about us, daily prayers for them — these are means anyone can use. Who knows but that you may be able to offer to Our

Lord the treasure He most desires — the first interest of another soul turning to Him?

Formosa is an island born of today's troubles. Modern history has seen it tossed like a football between China and Japan. At present, all that is left of Nationalist China's Government holds the ball.

The Maryknoll territory of Hai Chang lies on the bleak, eastern coast. Fleeing the Red terror on the mainland, many Chinese from the Hakka district settled here. In November, 1953, Maryknoll Sisters came to work among them. They, too, were from the Hakka district, spoke the dialect, and knew the customs.

Four convents have been opened on Formosa — Isle of Trouble despite the name "Beautiful," that was given it by Portuguese explorers.

Sister Antonia Maria, a Sister-doctor from Stockbridge, Mass., takes a mobile clinic from her mission at Yuanlin and goes up into the mountains where the aborigines live according to the ways of their ancestors.

"We left at 5:45 A.M.," she writes, "riding in the mobile clinic. As soon as we arrived, Father heard confessions and celebrated Mass. Sister Josephine Marie and I later made friends with the people outside. That morning we visited all the homes, treating the sick.

"Father anointed an old lady eighty years old, suffering from cardiac asthma. Then my troubles began. For once I got my stethoscope out to examine her, everyone else wanted to be 'listened to' even for a toothache."



ARE YOU HERE

with Sister, bringing the warm friendliness and helping hand of Christlike charity to this lonely soul, abandoned by men but beloved by God?

Your mission offering puts you into this picture and makes you an instrument of Christ's love.

MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll, N. Y.

Here is \$..... which will put me into such a mission picture.

Name.....

Address..... City..... Zone..... State.....

As long as I can, I will send \$
a month to help support a Sister.

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Big Town

BY DANIEL D. ZWACK, M.M.

■ MAYBE you have never heard of Musoma before. Well there are lots of people in Musoma who have never heard of your town, so that makes it even. Musoma is the biggest town in this part of Tanganyika; it is a port on a bay of Lake Victoria.

The Lake steamer that comes down from Kenya makes its first stop at Musoma. From the wharf passengers see that Musoma's streets are laid out as straight as can be; wide ones, bordered with flamboyant trees. The surface of these streets is not necessarily smooth because the paving is just dirt. Prison gangs from the town jail level most bumps.

In downtown Musoma there must be more than a hundred shops. In them, customers can buy almost anything: yard goods, cheap candy, soap and kerosene, glass jewelry and plows — even chocolates imported from England. Africans own and operate many of these stores. But the largest and most prosperous ones are owned by Indians who are clever businessmen.

Musoma has its version of a super-market where one can buy fish that are still wiggling, already baked sweet potatoes, a pair of sandals made from an old car tire.

In front of many a store, a Luo tailor sets up his open-air shop.

With his Singer sewing machine, the tailor makes shorts and shirts out of khaki-colored cotton, and women's dresses out of every color of cloth.

Farther on are Musoma's suburbs, where most of the people live. Roomy houses are strongly built of sun-dried bricks laid on stone foundations. Roofs are papyrus reeds or grass; rich people roof their homes with sheets of corrugated iron. The usual floor plan calls for rooms on both sides of a T-shaped hall. There's a yard behind the house; and a wide, eucalyptus-shaded street in front, where children play and fight while shepherding their goats.

Musoma has a community center house, an airport, a Government office building, where Africans obtain important things like licenses to make beer. The town's most recent improvement is a big water tank perched on top of a nearby hill. From it conduits lead into town. A pump will be connected; it will fill the tank with lake water. Then anyone will be able to get at convenient locations an old kerosene-tin full of pure water for one chopper, a trifling sum.

An even bigger change is going on in Musoma. Now the Padres have opened a mission there. ■ ■



When the Valley Flowers

**What he thought was success
was a wolf in sheep's clothing.**

BY ALBERT L. REYMAN, M.M.

■ ROUGHLY one year ago, during the rainy months of September and October an attempt was made here in Jacaltenango, Guatemala, to teach boys and girls to sing Gregorian Chant. Fathers Ratermann and Nerino, possibly others before them, had started the ball rolling among the altar boys. All the groups practiced and practiced until they could come close anyway.

Much remains to be done but someday we will have something truly beautiful with which to adorn the Holy Sacrifice. A start has been made, and with Sisters promised for the coming school year, we look for great things. They will supply for the defects of our scattered efforts. It is not difficult to see the day when just about every boy and girl will be singing Gregorian, and will have a better feeling for the Mass, if not a better understanding.

Much has been written about catechetical systems here in Guatemala. A lot of it, I suspect, is strong stuff. With all the techniques, nothing has been found to supply for the proximity of the priest. If the

MARYKNOLL

priest can stay with his catechists, sparking them, they do Christ-like work.

The overall picture among the catechists in Jacaltenango parish is a fairly good one, judging from last year's results. The work must be deepened and broadened in many sectors, and begun anew in others. The coming year promises an overwhelming harvest of souls.

There are 322 religious teachers listed on the books of this parish. All but three give their services gratis. It is probably a conservative estimate to say that 150 of these men regularly teach doctrine. Some of them teach as many as seven days a week. At least 50 of the catechists are apostolic in the best sense of the word.

The rate of people making their First Communions, and of couples having their marriages validated — all fully instructed by the catechists — sharply increased last year. The new year promises to produce more practicing Catholics than we can take care of. At the very least we need three priests working full time to cope with present work. If catechists stay at their task — and they will as long as the priest keeps after them — we will soon crowd ourselves into a very difficult position.

By "soon" I mean within five years or less. To give one indication, next year, total Communions, barring unforeseen mishaps, will easily top 100,000; many of these people live in villages scattered over a broad and hard-to-reach mountainous area. Maryknoll can't supply priests in anywhere near the

(Left) Jacaltenango's colonial church dominates a beautiful valley. (Below) A Mam Indian woman in everyday garb.



Students' Copy

—a practical gift
—a monthly enjoyment

MARYKNOLL, THE FIELD AFAR publishes a special students' edition September through June. It is sold in bulk to schools for classroom work.

The Students' Copy has become so popular with grownups as well as children that we have decided to accept individual subscriptions. The price is \$2 a year.

Subscribe for a child, a shut-in, a friend, a teacher.

Please send the Students' Copy of MARYKNOLL, THE FIELD AFAR to

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numbers required to carry the growing work.

Moreover, we doubt if it would be wise for Maryknoll to staff all the possible parishes in this department, even if this could be done. Future Sisters, priests and Brothers should be coming forth as products of almost fifteen years of Maryknoll work in northern Guatemala. There are compelling evidences that vocations are here in abundance. During the past year, some twenty-five boys and four girls indicated clearly that they wanted to be religious.

Of those who volunteered, not twenty-nine — possibly not even ten — will see it through. We will not know until we have given the aspirants a proper trial. To assume a negative position and say they cannot be given a trial, is — to speak bluntly — unreal and nearsighted. One of the functions of a seminary is to test suitable candidates. Now that the Communists have gone, there is a chance, an opportunity that may not repeat itself.

Here are the background and qualifications of the boys from this parish who hope to enter the seminary. First come the factors that make one hesitate.

1) Poverty. Every candidate is poor, poor at least in relation to the \$200 annual tuition required in the diocesan seminary at Totonicapan. This diocesan seminary is staffed by an excellent group of Holy Ghost Fathers from Mexico.

2) Indian failures in the priesthood. At this point, I wonder how many Maryknollers would defect, if after poor training, we were assigned to live alone in near-priest-

MARYKNOLL

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less areas, with no society behind us, with possibly open opposition from our faithful at times, with little income, and — hardest to take — with disdain from our fellow clergy, the Ladinos.

3) Inferiority complex. Most of the Indians give evidence of a marked inferiority complex and defeatist attitude. This seems to stem in large part from their secondary position in a society dominated by Ladinos. The Ladino learns early in life to use the nearest Indian as a stepping stone to get ahead.

4) Lack of discipline. If one were to say that the boys and girls are wild little Indians and deport themselves as such, he would hit the nail on the head. On occasion Indian parents do discipline their children, but there is little or nothing to indicate that the small fry have had to toe the mark day after day.

5) Bad example. Indian children have seen too much of the intimacies of life from their most tender years.

6) Parental opposition. Parents are only mildly opposed to having their children enter religion, and this opposition springs in great part from ignorance. All they want to know is what a seminary is all about. Will little Pablo get his tortillas and frijoles in the seminary? Is it cold there? Who will wash Gabriel's clothes? Where is the seminary? Is there somebody there to give Tono his injections? (Most people in these parts are injection-happy.) Is there much malaria there? When will Roberto get home again? How many years will it take? Who will cultivate the corn when I am old?

Most of these questions, and many others, indicate no more than a genuine paternal interest in the child's welfare. Given the religious background of the parish, with never a native son or daughter in religion, we can happily say that the parents thus far have been most cooperative.

When I went to the homes to interview the fathers, some hesitated to give permission. They got "clobbered but good." Word went out ahead along the line that the Padre was persuading the hesitant. After that, permissions came more readily, with much less foolish talk. There are some parents and many young women and young men who are now praying for vocations.

It has been said that upwards of eighty per cent of the parents of Maryknoll seminarians did not want their sons to become foreign missionaries. It is not difficult to foresee the percentage being lowered here, possibly arriving at a similar percentage of fathers and mothers who would pray that God see fit to take their sons to Himself in the ministry.

For a boy to leave his tribe, go to a distant pueblo, and possibly spend his life working among another people — even though it be within his own land — is, I believe, roughly equivalent to the sacrifice involved when an American goes to the foreign missions.

But the drawbacks are far outweighed by the positive qualities that recommend Indian boys:

1) All the candidates are legitimate. Not a few of the boys did not need to be legitimated through

marriage, because their parents were married long before the children arrived. Even in the cases of those who were legitimated through marriage, the parents had eagerly seized the first opportunity to get married during the first years when the Padres came to live and work with them.

2) All the boys can and do serve Mass.

3) All go to confession and receive Holy Communion at least once a month; most of them do so more frequently. Daily visits to the Blessed Sacrament are an accepted practice among the altar boys during the school year, which is the only time when they are near enough to the church to make such visits.

4) All have approached the Padre, explaining that they wanted to be priests. The Padre did not go to them, except by altar-boy conferences and Sunday sermons. The life in the seminary and priesthood was put to the boys in a rather factual unglamorous-sort of way, and they are not likely to have any illusions about monetary or social gains accruing therefrom.

5) All can read and write after a fashion. All speak Spanish, better Spanish than some of us Padres.

6) About ninety-five per cent of

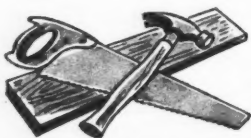
the boys are bi-lingual; that is, they can also speak Jacalteco. This is a decided asset for future work in this locale, and a ready aid to learn other Indian dialects should they be assigned elsewhere.

7) All the boys are at least second-generation Catholics; some are third or better. By "Catholics" in this context, I mean practicing ones who receive the sacraments and participate in sacrificial and devotional life of the Church.

8) They are quite innocent as far as the author can ascertain. They have no marked vices but surely are full of the usual boyish pranks and employ a rich vocabulary at times. There is not a trace of anticlericalism in a carload.

9) Their health is good. They readily go up and down these mountains, carrying packs strapped to their heads; a feat not yet accomplished by any gringo Padre assigned to Huehuetenango. Their mental development is hard to judge, but we have no doubt about their ability. They quickly memorize the prayers in Latin. Who teaches them? They teach one another.

We pray and ask others to pray that local boys can get started in the seminary in great numbers and at an early date. ■ ■



SPARE THE ROD_____

"BOYS do not carve their initials on desks at our little school in the Bolivian jungle. We discovered a practical way of teaching them the value of school property. The lesson involved devoting the early

part of the term to a carpentry class, where each boy had to learn how to build his own desk and chair."

— Thomas P. Collins, M.M.



THIS ROOM HAS BEEN
DONATED BY

THE SONS OF IRA S. & ELLEN BUSHEY

IN MEMORY OF
THEIR PARENTS

A room in the Maryknoll seminary is a fitting memorial. A plaque on the door reminds the student occupant to pray daily for your relative or friend. Offering \$1500.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., New York
Dear Fathers:

I enclose \$..... toward the \$1500 needed for a memorial room in the Maryknoll seminary.

My Name.....

Street.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Letters

OF THE MONTH

We do not publish any letter without first obtaining the writer's permission.

Locations

To permit me and other readers the full enjoyment and appreciation of your articles will you please consider indicating under every heading the name of the country and continent to which the article refers? With that information, my interest would be increased.

J. B. BAZINET

Williamstown, N. Y.

■ *We have considered Reader Bazinet's suggestion and feel that at the present time layout and artistic considerations prevent use with headings. But we are trying to include this information in the first paragraph of every article.*

Missing Child

In the picture of Mary and Joseph escaping to Egypt, where is the Infant Saviour for whose safety they were making the trip?

MRS. PAUL R. LARKIN

Pelham, New York

The centerfold painting is beautiful but where is the Infant Christ? Didn't He flee to Egypt with Mary and Joseph to escape King Herod?

MRS. ALEC ESTELITA

San Francisco

■ *To illustrate the poem "Mother of Refugees," we selected a painting of Mary and Joseph en route to Bethlehem. Sorry!*

So Do We

How I wish your work in foreign countries would be less trouble! I am going to get my class in school to pray that everyone in the universe will believe in God. If there are any special things you want prayed for let me know. I hope pretty soon you will have missionary stations all across the world.

PATRICIA LENGUEL

Detroit

Suggestion

Here is some money for the little waifs. This was saved from the pennies that come from cigarette packages bought from a cigarette machine. A lot of people crumple the paper and throw it away. I ask the men here for the pennies when I see them with new packs. Maybe some of your readers could adopt this suggestion to help the little ones.

KATHLEEN FREDERICK

Lancaster, Pa.

Congratulations

Hats off to Maryknoll's Class of 1956 — another fine group of men who are badly needed over the world!

MRS. ROBERT R. CASTLE

Chicago

Congratulations to Maryknoll for its second large class in a row. Keep it up!

HORACE KEEFE

Philadelphia

MARYKNOLL

New Start

A few months ago, we asked you to pray that we would recover \$10,000 lost in a bad business partnership. At that time my husband was without a job and we had lost all the money we had. Two months ago, equipped only with faith, courage and your much-needed prayers (we had less than a dollar in the bank), my husband started business on his own. It is truly miraculous the blessings we have received. Our business is off to a good start, and the future looks bright. We're recommending Maryknoll to all our friends.

NAME WITHHELD

Woonsocket, R. I.

Point of View

I think you should be complimented for your honesty because you print complaints as well as approvals. I think that the reason people write complaints is that they just get up on the wrong side of the bed. I'm eleven years old.

CATHIE WALSH

Hartsdale, N. Y.

Last Answer

How can "Disgusted Woman" say your magazine is infantile when it reports adult activities and challenges? How can she say it is ignorant when the stories are true to life, and living is an education? How can she say it is prejudiced when the readers are being taught to know, love and serve God through ALL the people of the world? Can it be that her remarks are simply a mirror of herself? As one woman to another, I'm truly sorry that she is missing out on a lot by closing and locking the doors of understanding and compassion.

HERMINE MERZ

New York City

AUGUST, 1956

Lucky Porker

I found a pig on the road the other day and advertised for its owner. I further stated that I would sell it and send the money to charity if no one called for it. The owners called and identified the pig but said to sell it and send the money to charity. So here is fifteen dollars.

BERNARD TILLEMANN

Minneota, Minn.

Secret

I want to let you in on a secret. My cousin Grace is a real nut! Yesterday she got the idea of making some little pies and selling them for the missions. They were blueberry. She made them in the A.M. and in the P.M. she went around the neighborhood. At the first house, the lady slammed the door on Grace. So she rang the bell again and when the lady opened the door, Grace hit her in the face with a pie. Grace's mother wouldn't let her sell any more and she can't go to the carnival. That's why we're not able to send you any money.

NAME WITHHELD

Boston

Bribery

When I want to keep my year-old grandson, Donald Redford, quiet for awhile, I give him the Maryknoll magazine. I think the magazine is wonderful. We have been getting it fourteen years.

MRS. EMMA MORIN

Detroit

Thoughtful

Thanks for Martin Work's provocative article. It certainly makes one stop and think.

JOHN H. RUPPERT

Saint Paul

Maryknoll Want Ads

CHARITY CASES, 1,563 of them, are cared for annually in a small Bolivian mission dispensary at a cost of \$500. How do you feel?

IN JAPAN — chapel pews, sturdy and inexpensive — twenty-six are needed; \$15 each. Will you offer one Christian a seat?

CHINESE SISTERS, 21 of them are training in our Formosa mission; \$5 a month provides for one.

IN GUATEMALA, a tabernacle for a new church will cost \$150. A gift for Christ, the King.

THREE ITEMS requested by a missionary in Korea: \$15, oil stock for sick calls; \$30, Mass Missal; and \$2,500, jeep for mission travel. Take one!

IN CHILE, the ladies will make a beautiful handmade altar rug, if the material can be furnished; \$23 does it.

WILL YOU GIVE the green light to enlarge a church in Nassa, Africa? Cost, \$400.

BRIGHTEN a missionary's house in the Philippines. One year's supply of kerosene oil can be furnished for \$50.

OUTFITS for Indian boys in Peru for First Holy Communion: Coat and pants, \$8; shirts, \$2; shoes \$3. Let us do their shopping with your money!

EAGER TO LEARN, Chinese refugee children in Hong Kong need 1,000 text books at 15c each.

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You took him this far.....

Now, won't you help him get aboard?



MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

Dear Fathers,

I wish to have a part in helping a Maryknoll missionary reach his post overseas. I understand that the fare for each is \$500. I enclose \$. toward his fare.

My Name.

My Address.

City. Zone. State.

People are Interesting!

**Sts. Cyril & Methodius
Brothers to the Slavs**



1. Church circles in Constantinople received a request from Moravia for priests to teach Christ.



2. Picked for the job were Cyril and Methodius, gifted brothers who had taught the Khazars about God.



3. Cyril invented a Slav alphabet while Methodius helped him to translate the sacred books into Slav.



4. These missionaries were brilliantly successful — won great and lasting fame as apostles of the Slavs.



5. Some jealous Germans were furious, claimed Cyril and Methodius had no right to say Mass in Slavonic.



6. The Pope examined the accounts. He made them both bishops, warmly praised their apostolic method.

Christ belongs to ALL the human race.

